

INTERESTING PAGE FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME

Edited by
Julia Chandler Manz

The Table and the Kitchen

By LIDA AMES WILLIS.

With the strawberry for motive, who would not find joy in eating? We have the classical approval of the Greek, for this giver of health and creator of pleasure. For the Greek, as well as the Roman, loved it with the ardor of his passion, and honored it in verse and song, holding it as one of the choicest among the delicious fruits of the earth. We are told that its exultant name was sweet to the nostrils of Virgil, and the palate of Ovid was enraptured by its inimitable flavor. Cultivated or wild, it has lost none of its popularity or its qualities, so subtle and pleasing, that made it the glory and delight of the banquets laid under the shadow of the Acropolis, or the festive gatherings on the sunny Pincian Hill.

This gay and brave little berry has survived the fortunes of war; a land made waste and devastated by invasions of barbarian hordes, and dire neglect. When and where the fruit first ripened, when its luscious sweetness first brought joy to mankind, does not interest the hearts of its lovers.

Poor Fruit for Cooking.
Many think that the exquisite perfection of the strawberry is lost when it is cooked, as the heat robs it of its delicate flavor and much of its individuality. It seems quite true that while the strawberry makes the most delicious preserves, jams and jellies, it is decidedly a poor fruit for stewing and for pie. Those who revel in the rich juicy freshness of the berry will find nothing better than to eat it upon a bed of ice cream, or to surround it with its cool green shelter of leaves, perfect in form and with its stem clinging to the ripe mellow bud of splendor. But the city dweller may not enjoy them. Well that this marvel of fruits possesses a trace of spiciness in its makeup; for whether subjected to trial by fire or freezing, it still yields its irresistible fascination to the palate. Enveloped by creeping, crawling and wizened thing, as well as by the creature that walks upright, if not uprightly, the strawberry does not seem to itself with defensive and of envious brows and throws that stab and tear nor does it mount itself up in high and inaccessible places, like the sour grapes. Nay, its mission being to add joy to the world, it seeks no subterfuge.

As it is yet a little earlier for the Northerners to indulge in lavish prodigality in the strawberry, their needs must still resort to ways and means of making a few go a long way, and yet make it worth while to indulge in them so easily. When the berries are sufficiently warm to fully enjoy an ice, perhaps there is no better way to serve them, except as natural. Then there is the strawberry shortcake, that summit of earthly bliss, according to most American tastes. A box of berries may be considerably elongated by this means.

New Orleans Strawberry Sherbert.

Wash the berries carefully, pick them over and stem them. To one and a half pints of berries add one pound of sugar and juice of half a large lemon. Let stand for an hour and a half; then strain through a fine sieve and add the reserved juice. Turn into a freezer and freeze as you would ice cream. About three drops of cochineal is added to give a richer color.

Strawberry Sauce with Bread Pudding.

When you have but a small box or cup of strawberries you can make a delicious dessert as follows: Make a plain bread pudding and let it get ice cold, and serve with following sauce: Take a cup of fresh washed berries and press through a sieve. Beat half a cup of butter and a cup of sugar to a cream. Whip half pint of double cream to a stiff dry froth and beat it into the berries, adding the juice and mixing thoroughly. If desired add two

tablespoonsful of sherry or brandy and serve with the pudding.

Strawberry Foam Sauce.

Rub through a sieve enough washed and hulled strawberries to make half a pint of pulp; add half cup powdered sugar and two unbeaten eggs. Place the saucepan over boiling water and whip with a dower beater until the sauce is foamy all through and as thick as custard. Serve at once.

Strawberry Delicacies.

Have ready capped and cleaned a pint of fine, ripe strawberries; cut them into small pieces. Beat the whites of six eggs very light, adding a pinch of salt when they are about half beaten, and whip in gradually as much sugar as the eggs will take without falling. Add the cut berries, a few at a time, and whip constantly during the process. Heap the mixture up in stemmed glasses, decorating with some whole berries, and put on ice long enough to get ice cold; then serve. This is eaten without sugar and cream.

Strawberry Molds.

Put enough fresh ripe strawberries in a stone jar or double boiler and place over hot water; let them heat until the juice flows freely from the berries. Then strain. Have half a cup of sugar soaked for an hour in just enough water to cover. Boil the sugar in the quart of fruit juice until thick like jelly. Have individual molds wet with cold water; pour the jelly into these and set them in cold place to form. When ready to serve turn out, surround with whipped cream and a few whole berries.

Strawberry Pastry Balls.

Take two and quarter cups of sifted flour; two tablespoonsful baking powder; one cup sugar; half cup butter; half cup milk and whites of four eggs, cream the butter gradually, add the sugar, then the milk and flour with the baking powder and a pinch of salt sifted in. Fold in the egg whites that have been beaten to a stiff froth. Put a teaspoonful of the batter into the bottom of well buttered custard cups; then drop in three or four strawberries; add another spoonful of batter to fill cups about half or two-thirds full. Place in a steamer and steam about half an hour, serve with strawberry sauce. Hard sauce with enough ripe crushed strawberries beaten in to flavor deliciously and give an attractive color.

Strawberry Souffle.

Place a layer of berries in a glass dish and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Add another layer of berries and sweeten. Continue until you have the desired quantity of berries for serving. Place on ice for at least four hours and then cover with a cold custard made as follows: For one quart of berries take one pint of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonsful of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, pinch of salt. Make the consistency of ordinary boiled custard and let get very cold. Just before time to serve add a tablespoonful of sugar to a half pint of cream and whip to a stiff froth. Pour the custard over the berries and heap the whipped cream on top. Crushed and sweetened berries may be added to the cream if you fancy.

Strawberry Junket.

Add enough ripe strawberry syrup, freshly made, to the lukewarm milk to give flavor and delicate color; then add the dissolved junket tablet, allowing half a tablet to a pint. Let stand in a warm place until the junket has set; then place in the refrigerator.

Strawberries St. Regis.

In wide stemmed glasses put a ball of strawberry ice cream; flatten it and place on top a tiny pyramid of pineapple ice and pour on a spoonful of strawberry foam sauce and serve very cold.

Strawberry Cheese Salad.

Color your cream of neutschatel cheese with strawberry juice or some of the crushed fruit and make into balls the size of English walnuts. Place three on a lettuce leaf on salad plate. Flatten them slightly and place a large ripe berry on top of each cheese ball. Serve with French dressing made with oil and lemon juice, and small crisp wafers.

New Strawberry Trifle.

Lay two ladyfinger halves on a plate covered with a paper doily; spread with soft-boiled icing and cover the icing with fresh strawberries; cut in halves; spread a layer of the icing over the berries and lay on the other two halves of ladyfingers, pressing slightly together. Put a row of sugared berries around the cakes and serve. Whipped cream may be heaped around the cakes and the berries on this if you wish a more dainty and expensive dessert.

Strawberries a French Way.

Dissolve half a cup or more of sugar in a pint of good claret, the amount of sugar to be governed by taste and tartness of the berries. Put enough strawberries in a bowl to be barely covered by the claret; set on ice for an hour at least before serving. Eat with wafer-like crackers and cream cheese.

Scotland, the Land of Song and Scenery.

"Learn One Thing Every Day"

No. 1. ROBERT BURNS' COTTAGE

(Copyright, 1913, by The Associated Newspaper School, Inc.)



Few poets singing in dialect become world famous. This is true for the simple reason that a dialect poet is likely to be local to write of local things—to avoid the universal. But Robert Burns—"poor Burns," as we think of him—was the exception. Who does not know "Auld Lang Syne" and all that it means? Or who has not said to himself in his own way, "A man's a man for a' that?" Robert Burns could not help but be a poet of the people—the "peasant poet." He was born close to the soil of Scotland. On January 25, 1733, he opened his eyes in a small cottage about two miles from Ayr, in Scotland. His father was only a small farmer, and Robert got very little education, but lots of hard work.

However, he managed to learn to read, and used to carry his books into the fields with him to snatch a few moments' reading during the day. At mealtimes he sat with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other. He liked best the ballads of Scotland—the old songs of the minstrels.

But in 1781 he went to Irvine to learn the trade of a flax-dresser. And it was here that he indulged two habits that clung to him all the rest of his life—drinking and falling in love. For the poet was a boon companion at a feast, and a great heartbreaker—but his own heart was broken, many a time.

His fortunes fell very low in 1786, and he intended to sail for the West Indies, there to try to better them. But his first volume of poetry proved to be such a great success that he did not go. His poems took the people by storm. Every

one read them. He was invited to Edinburgh, where he became the lion of the hour. But all this did not bring him in much money. Finally in 1789 he got a position as excise officer. But as the years went on, and he grew wilder and wilder in his dissipation, friends drew away from him. His only companions were those of the lowest classes.

At last, on July 4, 1796, he knew that he was dying. He wrote on the twelfth to his cousin for the loan of fifty dollars to save him from passing his last days in jail. He died on the twenty-first of July, 1796.

Burns' cottage near Ayr is reverently preserved as a memorial to the poet. Here is the little room where he was born, and here are to be found many mementoes associated with his life. This cottage, built of clay by Burns' father, is a shrine for those who love the memory of the "peasant poet."

Every day a different human interest story will appear in The Herald. You can get a beautiful intaglio reproduction of the above picture, with 25¢ in size, with this week's "Mentor." It is a beautiful story of the life of Burns, and will show you the life of the poet, his work, his love, his struggle, his triumph, his fall, and his redemption. Write today to The Washington Herald office, Price, 10 cents. Write today to The Washington Herald office, Price, 10 cents.

PROTECTING WORLD AGAINST HATPIN

Laws Brush Aside Ant Hills While They Let Mountains Stand.

By FRANCES SHAFFER.

Really, one is sore beset with conflicting emotions as she reads of all the laws and ordinances passed to protect suffering humanity against the hatpin. For, on the one hand, there stands the sorry truth that several inches of sharp steel protruding from a woman's hat may do a lot of harm if it chances to point in the way of danger. And it is only fair to protect the public. But there also stands another truth: Our cities are menaced with evils far greater than any ever wrought by that harmful little weapon, that is not meant to be harmful at all. And from the viewpoint of woman, it would seem like brushing aside ant hills and letting huge mountains stand.

In Germany, where long hatpins have been forbidden by law, that prohibition is about to be followed, so it is said, by a campaign against projected feathers and trimmings stiffened with wires or otherwise. It seems that men have complained against the flaring ornaments, and that while ago the eye of a hapless passenger in a car was seriously injured by a wire feather—hence the disturbance.

At present, so far as the stiffened trimmings are concerned, the prohibition is only pending, and it may never become operative, as women have not taken very kindly to the talk and are intimating resistance.

"Disorderly Conduct."

New Jersey has its new law making it an act of "disorderly conduct" for any one to wear in public places a device capable of lacerating the flesh of another person, unless the point is sufficiently guarded. And inasmuch as the law provides that half the "fine of from \$5 to \$20" shall go to the person injured, the complaint, careless wearers of long-

pointed pins better hurry to cover, else the bluecoats will get them.

In Massachusetts, too, the policemen are having all kinds of trouble over the hatpin law. They have no authority to arrest the most they can do is to take an offender's name and address, and secure summons for her appearance in court later on. The lawgivers regarding the point, so far and no farther, and how are the poor guardians of public safety to determine whether it's half an inch or so sticking out, or a matter of one, two, three, or four inches? Just now the most they are doing is politely to warn, and leave the rest to time and the womanly conscience.

In St. Louis, N. W., some time ago sixty women were arrested and fined for exceeding the limit of steel allowed by law. And they entered a few objections, because they thought of a few other things that cried aloud to be fined, and they vehemently declared it very unfair, for their little hatpins were just nothing at all compared to some of the evils they might mention.

But meanwhile reports of new laws and ordinances concerning the menacing hatpin are persistently drifting in.

More Important Abuses.

Now, one is quite free to admit that many times in public places she just cannot take her eyes off of pin-points that sharply protrude a good four inches, and it is idle to deny that the indifference or the lack of thought may sometime lead to mighty consequences—indeed, it has. And she has wondered why something thoughtful and womanly has not whispered to the wearers to remove the bits of dangerous steel, remove them before they must.

And while she fully agrees with those who are protesting that there are many more important abuses for grave law-breakers to try to remedy, she has much to say against the activity against the hatpin, because it is so needless a danger to inflict upon the public.

But she wishes, and so do many others, that it had been women who have taken the lead in this movement, for it is one of the little things that do not speak so very well of woman's claim to thoughtfulness. There are far graver things on the other side—but what matters that, from the woman's viewpoint? For her part in the world should be to prove herself as considerate, as helpful as she can.

As to the hatpin and as to man—it seems rather like a tempest in a teapot, a squall blowing over a few well-defined troubles of his own.

But as to the hatpin and as to woman—well, that is another matter. If it happens that woman's ways of breaking through the law is to be the hatpin, compared with some other ways we know, that is quite to woman's credit, and as much to her advantage. But that does not take from her the manifest duty of mending all her ways that are evil.

Square Effects.

A quaint square effect is the most noticeable feature of the newest of the spring gowns both for indoor and outdoor wear. Whether the present tendency toward the natural form has anything to do with it, or of course, the first thing that occurs to one.

A very charming gown which illustrates this feature has a draped skirt in a night-blue color of charmeuse. This has a straight, square back, which shows scarcely any curve at the waist line. A broad, straight panel hangs from the waist, without any folds to the end of the skirt. The drape of the front of the skirt disappears under this panel at each side about two-thirds of the way from the waist.

The corsage is of ivory lace over flesh-colored chiffon, and has a pointed cincture in front. This also disappears at the back under the panel. Little motifs of iridescent blue beads take away from the severe style of the square back. The front of the gowns is very graceful, but somehow the back cannot appeal to everybody.

Fried Sardines with Macaroni.

Here is a nice luncheon dish which I hope some one will try: Drain sardines from oil, rub off skin and wrap each in a very thin slice of bacon. Skewer in place with toothpicks and fry till bacon is crisp.

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BACCHUS AND MOLOCH
ARE MODERN GODSRev. James Shera Montgomery Tells
Congregation that They Are
Abroad in the Land.

That the old pagan gods, Bacchus and Moloch, are in a sense "modern gods" and are unconsciously worshipped by many in our pleasure-loving, materialistic society was the idea expressed by Dr. James Shera Montgomery in a sermon delivered at the Metropolitan Church last evening. But though this is true, it is a temporary condition. Christianity is steadily advancing and gaining followers. Dr. Montgomery said, in part:

"Today we do not witness in vain a waste of time, money, and effort. The air is not vexed with clamorous voices of defeat. Our cause is marching on. The multitudes of Christian hosts are not just 'tumbling along'; neither are they guilty of stupidity and malignant wandering. Men are not disturbed because they have lost the Christ, but they are being filled with anxiety because they are finding Him. When He comes in, there is always a rolling of the elements. The certificate of the worth of Jesus is found in the enemies He makes, and on the other hand the good, whole-some followers He blesses and claims."

"But Bacchus, the 'modern god' of self-indulgence, excess, and tumultuous pleasure, is with us. A gay, frantic multitude is in his train. They are just living for the beads that sparkle on the rim of the cup of pleasure. They shine, simper, and swim; and like a man working in the boiler shop, they hear nothing but their own noise. Moderation and modesty are the patent marks of elegance. Easy society makes easy marriage; easy marriage makes easy divorce, and this is the legitimate fruit of a social life that recognizes but few bounds."

"Moloch is another 'modern god'—the god of selfishness, cruelty, power, ambition, and tyranny. He also is in our midst today. His throne is in the factory, mine, and shop life of this land, regarding but little distinction between a human being and the machine he operates."

"The swift passion for money and power sweeps the country yesterday and breaks down the flaming sword at the gateway of their hearts. Pity the man who makes his brother's weakness and limitations the cradle of his pleasure and the promise of his strength."

CONSERVING THE CHILDREN.

References Made in Sermons to Conditions in Mountains in South.

References were made in the pulpit throughout the country yesterday to the pitiable condition of the neglected children of the mountains. The Southern Industrial Educational Association, which is carrying on a campaign for the amelioration of these conditions, had called yesterday to be known as "Conservation Day of Mountain Children."

In the circular letter, which Mrs. Martha S. Gleiw, vice president and organizer of the association, disseminated broadcast to the clergy, she stated that a great deal of good could be done by the cause by the setting aside of such a day and the calling of attention to the conditions from the pulpit.

Mrs. Gleiw states that there are counties in the Southern Appalachians where over one-third of the people cannot read or write. Many of these people are of Revolutionary descent, come from good stock, but have no education whatever.

Turner Mentioned for Judgeship.

It is rumored that Charles H. Turner, former member of Congress from New York, and for several years Assistant United States District Attorney, is being seriously considered for the successor of Judge William H. DeLoach, as judge of the Juvenile Court. No official confirmation of the report can be obtained.

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JOSEPH PALMER DIES.

Designer of Lincoln's Death Mask.
Succumbs at Ripe Age.

Joseph Palmer, the oldest employee in the National Museum, who made the only death mask of Abraham Lincoln, died Saturday at his home in Rosslyn, Va.

Mr. Palmer had been in the government service since the Civil War, at one time as the head of the taxidermy department. He had much to do with the great number of specimens in the museum now.

Lecture on Solomon's Temple.

Dr. David Heagle will deliver his lecture on "Solomon's Temple and Jerusalem" at Calvary Baptist Church, under the auspices of Mrs. Kinneer's class of young men.

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